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## THE MEISSENER HOCHLAND.

'Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier,' &c.  
*German Translation of Burns.*

We had spent several days in the Hôtel de Saxe at Dresden, had seen all the galleries of that wonderful city, and heard the Opera company twice in one day—namely, once in the morning at church, and a second time in their own proper region across the way—and were beginning to moralise, in melancholy fashion, on the transitory nature of the company at a hotel, seeing that we could scarcely distinguish at Mr Gerstkamp's *table-d'hôte* a single face which had appeared there on the day of our arrival—when a new guest entered, with a lady on his arm, and I recognised an English friend whom I had last seen within the Arctic Circle, in the course of a hyperborean excursion, of which the reader of these pages has probably perused some of the details. Recognitions took place, with many mutual felicitations on the happy fortune of a second rencontre, so little to have been expected: our respective associates were introduced; and after spending an hour together, it was agreed that we should form a party to visit the celebrated Meissener Hochland, or *Saxon Switzerland*, as it is more generally, though more vulgarly called by strangers. No sooner was the plan agreed-upon than we proceeded to its execution. We set off that evening by the railway for Schandau, the recognised centre of the district which we designed to examine. The arrangement was the more suitable, as we were all on our way to Bohemia, and Schandau is twenty-three miles onward in that course. The weather, too, promised remarkably well for such an excursion.

Though it was only the 11th of August, and we started on this journey at six o'clock, night overtook us before we had advanced above half way, in consequence of our being detained an hour by a break-down of our engine. The accident was little to be lamented; for when we reached the border of the Elbe and began to advance into the mountainous country, the moon shone out over the top of the opposite cliffs, and afforded us some most beautiful snatches of the scenery of that admirable river. It was not till near nine o'clock that we stopped at the Schandau station—we in full moonlight—Schandau lost in the deep shade of the opposite feathery hills, except that its few lights betrayed its presence—and the moony Elbe flowing between. We were quickly deposited with our various baggages in a boat, and found ourselves crossing the resplendent river, smooth as a pond, but nevertheless pressing on with such a force as costs the boatmen no small exertion to counteract it. It was a romantic

moment, such as occurs seldom, and remains long in the memory; and we were almost sorry when called upon to debark and choose a hotel. We were soon established in an excellent inn called the Forst Haus (Forest House), which raises its lofty bulk over the river, having a garden in that direction, while on the other side it adjoins to the street of the village. Here we found many tourists, chiefly German—for the *Sächsisch-Böhmischen Schweiz*, as they call it, is an attractive wonder to the people of Northern Germany in particular, a country remarkably deficient in romantic scenery. I was pleased to find old married couples, young married people, students, and others, thus bent on holiday-making, as it gave the idea that political fervours and fears did not entirely absorb the energies of the people; neither had the late calamitous troubles left the gloom which one would have expected. Of this fact, however, I had had stronger demonstration at Dresden, where I found an archery festival going on for the entire week, with an enormous concourse of strangers all bent on pleasure-seeking. A large field near the city was daily covered with shows and booths for the amusement and recreation of the assembled multitude; and I am almost afraid to report what I heard of the consumpt of beer upon the ground one hot Sunday; but the memorandum of it in my note-book certainly is—80,000 ems, an em being equal to seventy English quarts. My informant had probably mistaken eight for eighty; but even the lesser sum gives upwards of half a million of bottles. Undoubtedly the capacity of the Teutonic constitution for beer is something prodigious.

From the glimpse which daylight gave me next morning, and what I saw and learned afterwards, I found this celebrated Hochland to be mainly composed of a deposit of *quadersandstein*—the greensand of the English geologists—the utmost height of which above the Elbe may be about 1600 feet. Through this deposit, however, the Elbe and its tributaries have cut profound trenches or valleys; some other agent—probably the sea at an early period, before it had assumed its present limits—has made other excavations, and left other prominences; and the unequal surface thus produced has been partially clothed with wood, to the immense increase of its beauty. Now there are other elevated tracts in which such operations cannot at all be traced, or only to a small extent. What is it which has made a particular tract of sandstone in Saxony so romantic, and so attractive to holidayists? It is the *cubical fracture of the rock*. The strata are disposed almost horizontally; excavation and weathering leave in such a rock vertical faces slightly rounded at the angles. Behold, accordingly, a wonderful confusion of

abrupt cliffs and turret-like eminences scattered over the country! This history of the scenery is proved by the interspersed spaces which are occupied by granite or any other Plutonic intrusion: these are all smoothed down into the most perfect commonplace. But the moment we pass out of their range, we find ourselves amongst bold cliffs again. Hundreds pass over the ground every summer day without dreaming of cause for what they see. He who can penetrate that mystery—and it is not difficult—has one enjoyment in his holiday the more.

We started next morning in carriages along one of the side-valleys, designing to give our first day to the Kuhstall and Prebisch Thor, two of the most noted curiosities of the district. A splendid sun shone over us from a sky which one might have supposed could never again be guilty of a cloud. It was a beautiful narrow valley, with cliffs far up amongst the pine and birch woods, and a silver streamlet at the bottom. Some of the cliffs actually hang over the road, and once in thirty years or so there is a fall of rock, to the endangerment of passengers. One of the prominences bears the descriptive name of the Lion's Head, from its resemblance to the profile of that animal. Another, bearing in its front face various perforations, has obtained the name of the Death's Head. With such matters our guides amused us till we came to what we were told, with much importance of manner, was a waterfall. We were now to discover that Saxon Switzerland has no more been able to escape the intrusion of the Cockney spirit than the Isle of Wight or the Dargle. A peasant bustled out of a cottage, and passing to the top of a rock of about thirty feet high, drew up a sluice by which the water of a tiny rill had hitherto been confined. We then had a little cascade of about a minute's duration, for which we were expected to bestow a few groschen. The guides, and three or four other peasants, all looked on with an appearance of admiration most comforting to us, for we should have otherwise feared that the cataract was not worth the money. It would have been a shame, however, to have been too critical at such a time and place.

After driving four or five miles, we came to a place where we were told the carriage, serving us no longer, must leave us and return. Our jocond party then commenced a walk through rising, woody ground, and in about half an hour we came to the celebrated Kuhstall. It is one of the cliffy ridges of the district, broken by deep chasms, and perforated at one place by a lofty natural arch. The peasants having used it as a retreat for their cattle during the Thirty Years' War, is the cause of the name (Cows' Stall); but it is believed to have been also a retreat for human beings, and that for no inconsiderable time, and at another period to have afforded shelter and refuge to robbers. It had an indescribably startling effect to pass through solemn woods, till, coming to the great arch, we saw through it a brilliant sunlit scene of woody eminences and distant arable slopes. Nor was it less curious to pass by a natural stair up a narrow chink in the rock till we attained a platform over the arch, and there looked abroad upon a wider expanse of landscape. Our romantic feelings were meanwhile played upon by artificial grooves in the rock, by which doors had formerly been applied for the fortification of these eminences, and by having little caverns pointed out to us as the dormitories of the garrison, and even a hollow in the rock which had served as a baptismal font for the children. The very romance of the place is, after all, the death of it. Beneath the arch are a little tavern and a shop for the sale of curiosities; and no sooner does a party of tourists appear, than three young women, who while away the time generally in knitting or making lace, strike up a trio, accompanied by a guitar, 'having no other thing to depend upon.' My companions were much annoyed by this intrusion of

business into what ought to have been a scene of quiet and solitary meditation; but I must confess to having relished the songs of Fatherland with which the poor girls caused the arch to resound. Nor was the draught of Rhenish which a few groschen purchased quite to be despised on so warm a forenoon. Another intrusion into the naturalness of the scene was the crowd of nameless names which had been cut into the face of the rock overhead. I could not gaze without wonder on so broad a demonstration of a passion which, as tempting to such doings, never for a moment, so far as I am conscious, entered my own breast.

We proceeded to descend one slope and ascend another, still sunk amidst pine-woods, till we came to the edge of a lofty cliff, and had a somewhat similar view in another direction (the Lesser Winterberg.) Here also had trade come, but only to traffic in fruit and cream. Another long and toilsome sylvan walk, in the course of which we ascended several hundred feet, when suddenly, at a moment when I thought we were approaching some dismal cave 'shagged with horrid shades,' we turned an angle and found ourselves in the paved courtyard of a nice hotel, with parties of native tourists drinking beer under the shade of a few trees. It was the hotel of the Great Winterberg, a house perched on the highest ground of the district, and evidently a place of great resort. The view from its *belvedere* on the top introduced us to all the great eminences of the district, each of which has for a final syllable in its name the word *stein* (meaning stone or rock), as Circlestein, Cronstein, Pfaffenstein, &c.: we saw the Elbe pursuing its glittering way through what forms no small space in the map of Europe, extending from Prague on the one hand to Dresden on the other. While enjoying this wide range of view, we had a tolerable lunch; after which, again setting out, we had a longer walk, through woody and rocky ground. Not altogether lonely, however, for seldom did we attain any place at which a rest was likely to be desirable, without a harp or a couple of fiddles striking up for our regalement, or perhaps a rustic mendicant posted up with his silent, but scarcely less forcible appeal. I had been somewhat surprised at the complete absence of street-begging in Dresden, and was told that no such thing was there practicable. Here, as if to make the traveller pay up for the exemption in that city, it was impossible to walk a quarter of a mile without being petitioned for alms. The only consoling reflection was that the beggars appeared not to be professional, but simply the poor people of the district taking the opportunity of somewhat alleviating the hardships of their lot.

The Prebisch Thor, which we at length reached, proved to be a piece of ground of a most remarkable character—a breast-work of *cliffs*, which seemed to have been arrested half way towards the condition of a range of *needles*. Three prominences start out from the mountain, like great buttresses, and in one of these is the natural arch or *door* from which the name is derived. Seen from certain points, it is a wildering, natural scene, which arrests attention by its very singularity; not to speak of its rugged sublimity of peak, and the beauty of the sylvan clothing of the lower slopes. We thought ourselves at first in a perfect solitude; but on advancing along one of the prominences, we were soon undeceived. Turning an angle of rugged rock, and looking down over what had seemed a tremendous precipice—fit haunt only for the eagle and the mountain-fox—what was our surprise to see, about fifty feet down, a *restaurant* in full business, with dozens of little holiday parties seated at tables in the open air, making merry with tobacco, beer, and other refreshments! On further acquaintance with the place, we could not but feel amused by the strange mixture of natural beauties with the familiar matters of common life. It was the *Thor* itself, the august arch left

here by nature, which had become the courtyard of a hotel. Magnificent platforms of the cliff were in like manner occupied by the outbuildings of the concern. The grand clinks which seamed the front of the hill were found to have been taken advantage of for the construction of stairs, which, like the convergence of the paths of glory in Gray's Elegy, led but to the tavern. If we made our way round some apparently sterile protuberance, thinking to get a more comprehensive view of the ocean of wood rolling beneath, we were sure to light upon either an old woman engaged in the honest calling of washing dishes, or a waiter busy arranging empty bottles. Nor were little shops for the sale of curiosities and guide-books forgotten. In short, Cockneydom itself could not have more completely beset any show-place with its petty traps for mortal appetite or its zeal for turning an honest penny.

Making our way down the valley to the small town of Hirnskratschen, on the Elbe, we there, at a reasonable hour in the afternoon, obtained places in a steamer returning from Bohemia, and in a very short time were safely landed at Schandau. After dinner, tempted by the beautiful moonlight and the delightful temperature, we wandered out to the bank of the river, and there enjoyed some of those soft and romantic reveries which come upon one in a place which one does not know too familiarly—fragments of an ideal world composed solely of the picturesque, the pure, and the happy. Some one said, 'What a nice place to spend a summer in!' But we could not help fearing that a month, perhaps a week, might be enough to undeceive us out of what we now felt to be its chief charm. Affected, nevertheless, by the gentle spirit of the hour, I was induced to get out my flute, and play a few of the beautiful airs of a certain land beyond the sea, sending along the moonlit Elbe the same strains which I had once caused to float over the flocks of Lapland. Here, however, it was difficult to say whether the whimsical did not predominate over the romantic, for there certainly is something intensely quaint in addressing national music to ears so totally heteroclitite to all its ordinary associations.

From various circumstances not worthy of being particularised, I had to enter upon my second day of the Saxon Schweiz with the company of my daughter only. Furnished with a good carriage and a guide, we set out at eight in the morning, taking this time a westerly direction. The morning air was pure and brilliant as the diamond, and the narrow side-valley into which we quickly plunged—called the Teufel Grund (Deep Ground)—was even more beautiful than that which formed the porch of our yesterday's excursion. Not merely did the streamlet of the meadow and the pines and birches of the mountain-sides play well their several parts, but the very lichens, fungi, and other antiquarian vegetation, as I think it may be called, which clothed the rocks, conveyed a rich feeling of beauty. In passing a tall rock which started up by the way-side, with the date 1699 inscribed upon it, we were told by our attendant that here a dismal incident had taken place at that era. Two young men, previously friends, became enamoured of one damsel, the beauty of the district. Loving them both equally, she had failed to repress the attentions of either, and they consequently became deadly rivals. They finally met at this spot, and fought in the savage manner of their class, till both were mortally wounded. I shall not attempt to detail our visits in the course of this forenoon to the Brand, a tall cliff from which we look down upon the Teufel Grund—Honenstein, an old-fashioned village in the mountains—and Hochstein, another cliffy eminence. Suffice it to say, they were all remarkable objects, well worthy of the celebrity they enjoy as the special attractions of this romantic

territory. Let me hurry on to the Bastei, which I had reserved as the *bonne bouche* of the day, being by far the finest example of that particular arrangement of scenery which constitutes the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz. After passing a considerable way along a tame plateau, we suddenly come to the verge of a sandstone cliff, of four or five hundred feet in elevation, at the base of which rolls the Elbe. The effect is so startling as for some seconds to suspend the breathing of the beholder, and send a thrill through his frame. It is not a mere breast-work of cliff. On both hands one sees a forest of pinnacles standing out as the videttes of a winding range of precipices—a surprising result of that cubical fracture peculiar to the rock. The whole looks as if composed of some Titanic masonry. Sometimes a thin wall of living rock connects the advancing turret with the great irregular curtain of precipice. Needle-eye apertures shine through some of the prominences. Giant columns are capped and feathered with shrubs which have found their way where man cannot pass—adding beauty to what would otherwise be only terrible. Man, however, has cut passages and thrown perilous-looking bridges across parts of the wilderness of natural fortification, and thus enabled himself to approach spots where, through the long stretch of time, no foot but that of the wild bird had been. Here, too—for the truth must be told—he has contrived to furnish himself with the Cockney comforts of a restaurant and a 'brass band,' while enjoying the sublimities of nature. He turns from the pleasing agony of a look down the cliff to sip his coffee or relume his cigar, and is interrupted in a scientific meditation on the processes by which these wonders of physical geography have been created, by a cap held out for his contribution to the musicians.

A conspicuous object through the whole of this day's excursion was Konigstein, one of the loftiest of the isolated eminences formerly alluded to, and which has been taken advantage of as the site of a fortress, said to have hitherto resisted all efforts to reduce it. The writer of *Murray's Handbook* tells us that it is fitted to convey an excellent idea of the hill fortresses of India. To a native of my own city who has not been much from home, I would say, think of a fortress like Edinburgh Castle, only twice the size, on the top of a hill as high as Arthur's Seat, and he will have some idea of this grand stronghold of the Saxon monarchy, where the jewels of the royal family are deposited in all times of danger. The last attempt to reduce this castle was made by Napoleon, who planted a battery against it upon a hill about three miles off. The distance was found to be too great to allow of the balls or bombs having any effect. After a long detour, and ferrying across the Elbe, we drove up a long paved way which forms the approach to Konigstein, and by and by reached a platform of ground under the walls of the fortress, where we had to leave our carriage at a humble gasthof. Let the reader imagine a lofty sandstone cliff, pared down to make it vertical, and surmounted by battlements and towers rising to the height of about a hundred and sixty feet.

On arriving at the gate we found it jealously guarded, and I had to send in my passport for the examination of the commander before we could obtain admission. During the long half-hour which we were kept waiting, I observed that no person, man, woman, or child, passed in or out without a scrupulous locking of the gate. At length an order came for our admission; but here a characteristic circumstance occurred. A young man, who from his dress might have been a student, had come up the sloping way beside our carriage, and pleaded for permission to join us, in order to reduce the expense of seeing the fortress—a fee of four shillings being exacted from each party. His passport was now returned to him, with a refusal of admission. I felt sorry for the young man, and was curious to learn

the reason of his rejection. There was no other than that he was an *ouvrier*. The poor fellow took the matter a good deal more coolly than I—premonished, perhaps, of the jealousy of his native government. We found within a curious range of antique buildings occupied by a considerable garrison, and, what surprised me, a garden and grove of trees. The views from the battlements were superb. The well we found to be the principal curiosity; and it certainly is of no common character. It penetrates the living rock to the depth of above 600 feet, of which sixty are usually occupied by water. When our attendant poured in a tankardful of the element, its swooning noise in descending was very curious, and I found that nine seconds elapsed before we heard it strike the surface. A man then took a mirror, and ascending to an elevated point amidst the machinery over the well, held it in a particular manner with relation to the sun, which poured in its rays at one of the windows. It was some time before I understood the object: it was explained when our guide, drawing us to the brink of the well, desired us to look down. We then, to our surprise, beheld the surface of the water 600 feet below as clearly as if it had not been twenty—the reflection of the sun from the mirror having penetrated the profound depth, and given the abyss the lucidity of day. I have rarely seen so striking an effect produced by means so simple.

Having thus completed the usual round of the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz, we had nothing to do but drive home in the cool of the evening, and talk over the incidents of the day with our friends in the hotel. We next morning set out by the railway for Prague, unanimously acknowledging that the pleasant hotel of Schandau, and the beauties of the Hochland and of the noble Elbe, had rendered the two preceding days the most agreeable that had yet occurred in the course of our tour.

#### THE POINT OF HONOUR.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelvemonth previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, albeit the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had

business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *etcetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humour, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havannah and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendours of the intensely lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The senior, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

'Do not go away,' said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, 'till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements.'

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free-coloured families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar-cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously expressed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's 'negro principles,' as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of coloured people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humour into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—

M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: 'I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable.'

'Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*' shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstacy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. 'Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!'

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. 'Let us proceed,' he said in a quick whisper, 'to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption.' He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: 'I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall'—

'Thank you, Mr Desmond,' replied the English captain; 'but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont.'

'What does he say?' exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. 'Not fight!'

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. 'Not fight, Captain Starkey!' said Mr Desmond with grave earnestness after a painful pause: 'you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!'

'I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle.'

'A coward, upon principle!' fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

'Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you.'

'But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!' exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; 'or by Heaven I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!'

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

'The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!' shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

'I almost doubt whether Mr Starkey is an Englishman,' exclaimed Mr Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; 'but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that'—

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the

way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongly interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: '*Lâche!*' He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. '*Ecoulez, monsieur,*' said Captain Starkey: 'individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica.' He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, coloured as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apeak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behaviour of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter

of an hour afterwards Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first-mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at the moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of 'Fire! fire!'—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognised that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigour, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: 'Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment.' Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: 'You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish.'

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. 'Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember,' he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, 'that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!'

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. 'Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you'—and he named them—'remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear.'

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they

all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as coloured, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. 'Back, back!' he shouted. 'We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!'

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

'Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!' roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: 'or if you will, look there but for a moment,' and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. 'Men,' he added, 'let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the coloured women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

'Pull off,' was the order: 'you are deep enough for safety.'

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

'Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!'

The next boat was quickly loaded; the coloured lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

'You are a noble fellow,' said Mr Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; 'and I was but a fool to—'

'Pass on,' was the reply: 'there is no time to bandy compliments.'

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

'Hold on a moment!' he cried. 'Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;' and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: 'Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again.'

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining coloured man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

'Can she bear another?' he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

'We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us.'

'Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board.' He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with

the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. 'Now pull for your lives!' The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. 'We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart: there may be a chance yet.' All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguella till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of desecrating the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot-boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

'What ship is that?' cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

'The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!'

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: 'A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!'

'That's young Mr Mainwaring's face and voice!' exclaimed the foremost pilot. 'Hurra, then, for the prize!' and away both sped with eager vigour, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as from fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was

renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbour. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognised the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honour—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. 'I was very early left an orphan,' he said, 'and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs —' (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) 'Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behaviour during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is'—Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguella's countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguella's grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humour, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havannah; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied,

as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major; at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez bucaneeering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you!

### THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr Rutter of Black Rock, Brighton, has recently invented a magnetoscope of such extreme delicacy, that it is capable of indicating plainly to the sight the existence of magnetic currents which would appear to be constantly traversing the human frame, and the various modifications of them which are produced by circumstances apparently of a totally insignificant character—such even as contact with the dead objects and living people around us.

The invention of the instrument is undoubtedly Mr Rutter's, so far as it is an invention at all. However, many of the phenomena produced by the apparatus, and the principle of the arrangement, were introduced to the notice of the English public several months ago by Dr Mayo. No doubt many who read his work thought too contemptuously of the apparently fabulous phenomena there said to be producible, to take the trouble of putting the matter to the test of experiment, even though nothing was required, if I remember right, than to string a gold ring on a silken thread, let it hang loosely and freely from the human hand, and watch the results. In this form, however, it was a mere toy. Mr Rutter has made of it a philosophical instrument.

The following account is drawn up from notes taken at a lecture on the instrument given in London by Dr Madden of Brighton.\*

1. From a stand fixed firmly to the table there rises perpendicularly a rod of wood, say eighteen or twenty inches high, having a brass knob on the top. From the knob projects at right angles with the upright a brass arm, say nine inches long, tapering to a fine end.
2. A fine silken filament is attached to one end of a small spindle-shaped piece of sealing-wax like a fisherman's float—but the shape is not material. This is hung from the extremity of the brass arm; and the line being merely a raw thread taken from the cocoon, there is no twist or tendency to turn in it, but the plumbob hangs free to vibrate or circulate, or adopt any motion in obedience to the infinitesimal influences which are to act upon it.

Immediately underneath the centre of the bob is a small circular wooden plate, say four inches in diameter, so made as to be fixed in a horizontal position, higher or lower—that is, nearer to or farther from the lower point of the bob. On this is placed a glass dish, rather less than the tablet it rests on, and about as deep as the bob is long. The tablet is then moved upwards until the lower end of the bob *almost* touches the centre of the glass dish. The bob, thus hanging down into the dish, is protected from the accidental movements of the surrounding air. If thought desirable, however, the whole line and bob can be surrounded with a glass shade, such as are placed over artificial flowers or small

statuary, having a hole in the top for the string to pass through.

The apparatus being thus prepared, and the sealing-wax bob hanging dead from the brass arm, and all parts at rest, the operator placed the finger and thumb of his right hand upon the brass knob, and almost without any perceptible interval the bob was evidently moved; in a few seconds it was decidedly making an effort to swing round, and in less than a minute was steadily careering in a circle parallel to the sides of the glass dish, the lower end of the bob tracing a circle of perhaps two inches in diameter, or the size of a crown-piece, from left to right, as the hands of a watch move. The lecturer said he would call this the *normal* motion, being that which was invariably produced, at least after some practice; but it was a curious fact, and as yet unaccountable, that many of the movements were different with different individuals—that they were often even different with a given individual on first experimenting and after considerable practice; but that there came a time when an operator could depend on the movement peculiar to himself occurring without exception. This left-to-right movement invariably occurred however often the experiment was made, the bob invariably beginning to swing with the sun a few seconds after the application of the finger and thumb to the knob. He stated, too, that many experiments which at first were difficult, or gave dubious results, became sure and unvarying as the operator increased in delicacy by practice.

The mode of stopping the movement is by taking a piece of bone in the left hand, when the motion gradually slackens and ceases. With Mr Rutter the bob will stop almost immediately, but with Dr Madden the time occupied is tediously long, and therefore more forcible means were on the present occasion employed when it was wished to commence a new experiment. The lecturer, however, shewed an equally satisfactory experiment. Placing the finger and thumb of the right hand to the knob, and holding a piece of bone in the left, no movement whatever could be produced: on dropping the bone from his palm, the bob was instantly stirred, and in a few seconds once more traced out the normal circle.

When only the *finger* was applied to the knob, the bob set up, not a circular but a to-and-fro movement, like a clock pendulum. On stopping it and applying the thumb only, a similar pendulation was produced, but in a direction directly across and perpendicular to the former. The direction of the swing for finger and thumb respectively was always the same, however often the experiment might be tried—that is, calling the direction for the finger N. and S., that for the thumb was E. and W.; and if while the finger was producing the N. and S. swing the thumb was substituted, the bob was instantly affected—staggered, so to speak—and shuffled itself into the E. and W. direction.

While the lecturer held the knob by his finger and thumb, a person standing by touched the operator's left hand with his own right, when, instead of a circular motion, an oscillatory one was produced, but in a direction different from the other two. On this a chain was formed by the gentlemen present joining hands, and as the chain increased the arc of oscillation increased until the bob swung as far as the sides of the dish; the contribution of a few more hands, and it must have struck the glass. If the bystander touched the experimenter with his finger (index) only, the same

\* The reader will understand that though we admit this paper, as likely to be read by many with interest, we do not profess to vouch for all its statements.—E.E.

effect was produced as if the experimenter touched the instrument with his finger only, and so with the thumb.

Now came an extraordinary and mysterious part of the subject. The lecturer stated that if, while the operator's finger and thumb were producing the left-to-right movement, a woman were to touch his left hand, the bob would immediately refuse to proceed in the normal direction, and be carried round in the opposite direction—right to left. No ladies were present, but the lecturer stated that anything which had been worn or carried about by a female for a length of time, or even a letter written by one, would do as well. Incredible as this may seem, it was put to the proof and succeeded. The instrument being at rest, the operator placed his right hand on the knob, and a letter written by a lady was laid in the palm of his left, when the bob immediately commenced a circular movement from right to left. This was tried with several documents, one of which was of the date of September 27th, twenty-four days previous. One of these experiments was startling, and touches on a disputed and much-vexed question; but we may venture to state what really occurred. One letter placed on the hand produced an apparent indecision on the part of the bob to such an extent that the lecturer 'gave it up': he could not tell what sex the writer was. It proved to be a woman; but the writing had been penned while in the mesmeric sleep, on which the lecturer remarked, that Mr Rutter had already ascertained the fact of the disturbing influence exerted by a somnambulist.

The remainder of the experiments were performed with a particular object, as it was imagined that the phenomena now first exhibited had an important bearing upon the homeopathic law and practice of healing. But the interest of the experiments is not confined to those who have this in view; and the most anti-homeopath, at all events, must be indebted to the heterodox practice for the means of performing some of the most curious of all the experiments—means unattainable elsewhere, and which were provided for a purpose altogether different from the present, and therefore all the more beyond suspicion. We allude to the homeopathic globules, attainable in any quantity from the chemists. These are simply little pills of white sugar, over which has been poured a tincture of that medicine with which it is desired to saturate them. This tincture may be of any potency or dilution, and the globules are named accordingly. Thus a drop of the strong, original, or mother tincture, say of belladonna, is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops of fluid. One drop of the mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a drop of belladonna. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a 100th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 10,000th part of a drop. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains the 100th part of the 10,000th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 1,000,000th part. Suppose this process proceeded with to the twelfth, or still more, to the thirtieth time, and it may be understood how many were impressed with the idea that a drop of such a preparation could not possibly contain any appreciable quantity of belladonna, certainly none that could act, for good or ill, on the animal economy. But these preparations are gross and material compared with the dilutions or potencies often resorted to, where thirty is left behind, and the chemist manipulates up to hundreds, and even thousands. No wonder that men pooh-poohed, and declared that in a drop of such a fluid, and still more certainly in a globule of sugar moistened with a very small portion of such drop, there could be no belladonna at all.

With globules of this character the lecturer proceeded to experiment.

First placing his right hand on the knob, a few globules of pure sugar were placed on his left palm; but no effect whatever was produced by the sugar, the direct circular movement taking place as usual. For the sugar was then substituted one globule of sulphur, 30th dilution, and the motion was at once reversed. In consequence of a question from a gentleman present, as the lecturer was about to proceed with a new substance, he made the following curious statement: that he had been trying the magnetoscope with gold, and it struck him as strange that the gold ring on his left hand appeared inert, while that which he held acted. But on putting by the ring for a short time, it was found to influence the instrument like any other specimen. He had found, too, a similar difference with newly-adopted garments and such as had been long worn—as though articles in time became saturated with an individual's electricity, and became a part of himself.

A globule of the 20,000th, and another of the 65,000th sulp. produced no effect; but one of the 7000th acted immediately.

A trituration was then tried. One grain of arsenic had been rubbed down with ninety-nine grains of sugar-of-milk. A small portion of this was placed on the left palm, and caused the plumbob to stop; but on a bone counter being also placed on the palm, the normal movement from left to right ensued, as if nothing had been there. It will be remembered that the effect of the bone is to stop the circulation of the plumbob, and that of the arsenic is also to stop it. The arsenic alone succeeds in doing so; yet when the effort of the bone, in the same direction, is added to it, they nullify instead of assisting each other, and the influence of the right hand is exerted as if the left held nothing at all. This certainly is curious, whatever we may think of its bearing on the homeopathic dogma: '*Similia similibus curantur*'—of which more anon.

A globule of arsenic of the 40,000th dilution was tried, and stopped the motion.

On placing a globule of Bryonia (20th) in the left palm, a pendulum-motion was produced in a line running N.W. Calcarea-carbonica produced a N. and S. pendulum; iodide of potassium a N.E.; muriate of ammonia, an oscillation in a long, narrow ellipse lying N. and S.; sulp. and mercury both gave a reverse circular motion.

Be it remembered, 1st, That, however the direction and character of these movements altered, yet they were invariably the same for the same substance—insomuch that the operator, having one of the globules, taken at random from any box, placed by a bystander on his left palm, could, from the figure described by the bob and its direction, pronounce what medicinal substance the sugar contained; 2d, That the vibrations here spoken of were not mere incipient agitations of the bob, to which a wish to believe gave a positive character, but *bona-fide* swingings to and fro, so that the arc described by the lower end of the bob was perhaps more than two inches long.

It will be seen that this new branch of magnetology, though here shewn in more or less connection with homeopathy, and with what has hitherto been known as animal magnetism, has no necessary dependence on these proscribed subjects; neither are there the difficulties of proof and the apparent openness to fraud, and the consequent disinclination of many to experiment, which attend the latter. The opponents of these systems are apt to regard everything which succeeds as a collusion or an accident, and every failure as a damning proof; and the repugnance even to experiment is extreme. Here the student may acquaint himself with phenomena as curious, and at first thought as incredible, as any that have aroused the indignant incredulity of the wise, jealous for the

honour of the human intellect and the dignity of the established authorities—phenomena produced by the unassisted experimenter, consisting in gross, material movements, leaving no room for delusion or illusion.

#### THE CLERICAL ODDITIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

DULL and prosy as he is, I have known other curates duller and prosier than SIR NATHANIEL\* of Navarre. Only three days since I heard an Oxford clerk and 'afternoon lecturer' of the same pedantic class discourse to a drowsy congregation in terms most prolix, plethoric, polysyllabic, about abstract dogmas, and what I fear Mr Carlyle would impatiently call 'superveniens moonshine'—the entire homily being A 1 of the kind, and disposing me (such was the only 'practical inference' I culled from it) to be more leniently disposed towards the aforesaid Navarrese curate, whom, sooth to say, I had been wont to set down in my private opinion as an unmitigated bore. Those who could toil through his classico-barbarous communings with Holofernes the schoolmaster, were welcome to their labour of love: to me it was love's labour lost. Yet, on reading again the sayings and doings of the reverend pedant, I liked him better, esteemed him more respectfully, and began to think he might fill a pulpit as meritoriously as some living divines I know, who count it an honour to be wholly unread in Shakspeare, and of course absolutely ignorant of the mere existence, ideal or actual, possible or preterite, of such a clerical brother as poor Sir Nathaniel.

This 'good master parson,' as Jaquenetta calls him, is, with all his scholasticism, a sociable, kindly-disposed, open-hearted creature. He relishes sport—such as deer-hunting—when conducted decently and in order, and approvingly criticises it as 'very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.' When Dominie Holofernes is 'to dine to-day' at the house of one of his scholars, and, in the pride of his heart, makes bold, 'on the privilege he has with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil' (the sort of privilege Abel Sampson might have exercised at Ellangowan), to invite Sir Nathaniel too—undertaking his *benvenuto*, 'if, before repast, it shall please him to gratify the table with a grace'—how benignantly Sir Nat accepts the summons to a 'spread,' and how pregnantly he moralises on the benefits of convivial relaxation! Saith Holofernes: 'I beseech your society.' Maketh answer Sir Nat: 'And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.' A very wholesome text, your reverence; even though you might not give chapter and verse for it. No bilious recluse is this pastoral worthy; no pale, pinched-up Lenten starveling; no cadaverous ascetic, whose phiz at a dinner-party would be equivalent to a death's head. He loves, does Sir Nathaniel, to move among his parishioners—to hold kindly intercourse with them, and repay with the weighty bullion of learned speech the good fare they press upon him. He has bowels, look you, and is not simply an anatomy of a man. He is warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as his fellow-Christians—fed with the same food—subject to the same diseases. If you tickle him he will laugh, though with somewhat ponderous and deliberate cackinnation, as becomes his years and office. His self-complacency as a scholar is harmlessly amusing. He loves to be called a bookman by Goodman Dull, and yearns with compassion over that worthy's 'twice-sod simplicity'—apologising for his rustic ignorance with the most condescending good-will. 'Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect

is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be  
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.'

The curate's humility and magnanimity are beautiful; most exemplary his appreciation of his own superiority, and his readiness to suggest excuses for inferior genius. He is not envious of the transcendent abilities of his companion and parish schoolmaster Holofernes—a still greater dominie than that renowned veteran of 'Sweet Auburn,' whose academic qualifications Goldsmith sums up by telling us that

—'In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even though vanquished he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.'

Sir Nathaniel unreservedly eulogises the conversational powers of the dominie, as displayed at the dinner they duly honoured with their presence:—'I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.' He has a keen zest for the dominie's choice of words, and takes out his table-book with the air of Mr Pickwick himself, to note down whatever strikes him as 'a most singular and choice epithet'; in fact, he is a little awed by the multifarious knowledge and philologic acumen of his learned friend, who is certainly the profounder scholar of the twain. They have both, as that witty juvenal, Moth, observes, 'been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps; or as Costard phrases it, 'they have lived long in the alms-basket of words.' Sir Nathaniel cannot bend the bow of Holofernes: his learning is of a baser stamp; his adjectives are of fewer syllables; his critical skill is comparatively crude and unexercised. He is but 'a foolish mild man,' as one of his parishioners describes him—'an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler.' But away from the bowling-green, and the parishioner's pudding-time, and the schoolmaster's society, this honest man is 'soon dashed.'

Of this he exhibits a melancholy instance when undertaking to enact the part of Alexander the Great in the pageant of the 'Nine Worthies.' The hedge-priest, as Biron flippantly calls him, is to come forth, armed in complete steel, as the personator of the old-world conqueror. Surely they might have given his reverence another rôle. Signal is his failure in attempting the stalwart Macedonian. He launches out boldly, and with considerable histrionic promise:

'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;  
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander'—

but here, alas! the rudeness of criticism dismays the magnifico, and makes him forget his part. They have put it out of his head; they have revelled the thread of his discourse. He must begin again at the beginning, if he is to do it at all. He *does* begin again, with

'When in the world I lived'—

but there's no bearing up against a quizzical audience, with its interruptions, and its asides, and its personalities. So good Sir Nathaniel is fain to retreat from such a presence—scared from his senses and from the stage by naughty Costard's noisy strictures: 'A

\* Love's Labour's Lost.

conqueror, and afraid to speak!—run away for shame, Alisander,' which Alisander incontinently does, Costard the while covering his retreat with the indulgent apology: 'He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted.' We hope the villagers did not giggle next Sunday when the curate, who had thus been 'a little o'erparted' during the week, stepped demurely from the vestry, in garb and mien so incompatible with those of Philip's warlike son; and we hope that, for the future, when Sir Nathaniel wanted secular recreation, he stuck to nine-pins, and abjured the 'Nine Worthies.'

We could have relished further acquaintance than is vouchsafed us with the vicar of the Forest of Arden, SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT.\* The pastor of a dreamland district—the shepherd of such sheep Corin and Silvius, of that deliciously simple hind, William, who suffers Touchstone to bully him with such forgiving good-nature, and of those sylvan nymphs, Phebe and Audrey—must have been a man worth knowing, and worth talking to, 'patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.' He may, like Berkeley, have had every virtue under heaven for all we know; but we only regard him as a butt for Touchstone's wit—for the archery whereof he steps forward, presents an unflinching broadside, and, having received the shaft, forthwith retires; and we lose sight of him for once and aye amid the umbrageous glades of his romantic parish. He is a good rubrician, however, and sticks for canonical order in the projected espousals of Touchstone and Audrey; and that in a stanch spirit of orthodoxy, which inclines us to resent the disrespect of Jaques, who dissuades the jester from being 'married under a bush, like a beggar'—Jaques ought to have known better than to slur the 'melancholy boughs' and ordained clergy of the Forest of Arden—and bids him 'get to church, and have a good priest that can tell what marriage is;' insolently adding, 'this fellow will but join you together as they join waincot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.' Quite exemplary, and almost touching, is the meek firmness of the good vicar under this provocation. 'Tis no matter,' quoth he; 'ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.' Jaques treats his reverence as though he were the drunken, red-nosed, disreputable Fleet parson himself. But Audrey, kind soul! has a conviction—Audrey is a bit of a low-churchwoman, we fancy—that, 'faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.' But Touchstone silences her protest by his newly-acquired scruples in matters ecclesiastical, having become quite severe in his views of spiritual functions; and assures his buxom bride that the said vicar is 'a most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text.' Perhaps 'twas as well, after all, that Sir Oliver was not again dragged forth from his bosky manse to encounter Touchstone's railery, for which, we fear, his limited experience and reclusive habits had indifferently prepared him. In personal physique he may have been ample and substantial as Thomson's 'round, fat, oily man of God'; but we only know that, athwart the copses of leafy Arden, he comes like a shadow, and so departs.

Turn we now to a third member of the Shakspearian clerical guild—to that notable, laughable, lovable piece of good-humour and bad grammar, SIR HUGH EVANS.† Not long since I was doomed to hear him and Shakspeare (as responsible for him) abused by—*credite posteri*—a Welsh parson! by a gentleman profound in statistics of the Court of Arches, and quite *au fait* upon the legality of synodical action, but indignant with every latitudinarian, lay or cleric, who could read, much more quote, the Bard of Avon. A divine

he was whose discourse, in itself and its results, reminded me of our present poet-laureate's Parson Holmes 'at Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve:—'

\* Half-awake I heard  
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,  
Now harping on the church commissioners,  
Now hawking at geology and schism.\*

Shockingly did I scandalise my friend—a peppery Welshman withal—by suggesting that Sir Hugh Evans might deserve a place in the calendar as much as some of the worthies therein canonised. Sir Hugh, notwithstanding his 'little affair' with that choleric foreigner, Dr Caius, is radically a peacemaker, and as such has some recognition among the benitudes. He is unequivocally a good creature—overflowing with the milk, the very cream, of human kindness; one who loves sincerity and truthfulness; with a nature as fresh, fragrant, mellow as a Windsor pear. Act the first, scene the first, sentence the first of the 'Merry Wives' introduces him in the earnest attitude of a benevolent make-peace, a kindly mediator, a persuader of one who will not be persuaded—namely, fussy Justice Shallow. He loves to see his parishioners dwelling in unity. He has fine stores of remonstrance for litigious folks—and Shallow is as litigiously disposed as Peter Peebles himself; or as that *beau idéal* of the species, old Chicaneau, in Racine's 'Plaideurs'—he bids them leave their 'pribbles and prabbles,' and discuss some practical question of parochial interest, some pleasant amalgam of utilitarianism and romance, such as a marriage-settlement between Master Abraham and sweet Anne Page—a damsel whose 'seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts:' in truth Sir Hugh is never at a loss for 'some device in his prain, which prings goot discretions with it.' He loves the truth, does Parson Evans. 'Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or'—mark the *naïveté* of his emphasis, itself proof positive of his simple veracity—'or, as I despise one that is not true.' What a grand climacteric is involved in the paraphrase! In the same spirit, he has no stomach for 'unveracities' in phraseology, and repudiates the bombastics of ancient Pistol; while he is charitable towards the slips of Master Abraham, because his meaning is good. Sir Hugh's good appetite and sound principle are simultaneously illustrated in his haste to join the steaming dinner-table of hospitable Gaffer Page, as soon as the hot venison pasty is announced: not for a good deal will he 'be absence at the grace.' And how genial his eagerness to return to the social board, when called from it by the business of a message to Dame Quickly: 'I pray you begone,' so he urges the dilatory messenger—'I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come.' We almost overhear the smack of his lips, and see the water surging on them as he utters that aspiration after pippins and cheese in *prospectu*. Shocking it would have been had so much *bonhomie* been prematurely cut off by the devouring sword of Dr Caius, whose challenge fills Sir Hugh with such 'cholars and tremping of mind' that he exclaims in the field near Frogmore: 'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry; though he vows he will 'smite the noddies' of the host of the Garter for spoiling the duel—a 'little affair,' about which his opinions seem even more latitudinarian than those broached by the English Opium-Eater in modern days. His animal spirits are decidedly elastic—too much so, perhaps, for the gown he wears; for this instance of his belligerent faculty, coupled with his repute in the brewing of sack and playing at bowls, and his mercurial enjoyment of the midnight revels at Herne's Oak, which he pronounces 'admirable pleasures

\* As You Like It.  
† Merry Wives of Windsor.

\* Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur* (Tennyson's Poems, p. 167. Seventh Edition.)

and fery honest knaveries,' might in some dioceses have implicated him with proctors and ecclesiastical courts. The gusto with which he heads the fairies against Falstaff testifies, however, to his hearty moral sense as well as to his taste for private theatricals; and the usefulness of his rôle in this scenic conspiracy is proved by Sir John's indignation at being 'ridden with a Welsh goat too,' and at living to be taunted 'by one that makes fritters of English.' 'I am dejected,' fairly confesses the wicked old cavalier; 'I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: use me as you will.' *Le voila vaincu.*

Whether Sir Hugh was the copy of some actual parish priest, or merely a creature of the cunning coinage of Shakespeare's brain, he is to us a rotund and substantial reality, with blood of the liveliest coursing merrily in his veins; one who deserves to say *vixi*, and who, *having* said it, may add *vivam*, for live he does and will among our library Lares. Pity, indeed, had he never been brought to light—had he been what Carlyle calls 'a foiled potentiality.' We could have better spared a better—parson.

#### THE FRAMEWORK-KNITTING MANUFACTURES OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

THERE is much of instruction to be derived from a visit to any manufacturing locality. The stir of life grows busier, and men seem more thoughtful and earnest as we enter the principal town of a populous district. We look around with exultation at the progress of civilisation, and survey with complacency and satisfaction the numerous monuments that indicate the skill and attest the industry of man. Alas! that partial suffering should so frequently accompany the advancing steps of social life. Yet, doubtless, for wise purposes is it ordered that progress in communities, as in individual life and character, cannot be secured without effort or struggle. Social life is a gigantic panorama, the stern realities of which awaken within us thoughtfulness and solemnity. A population multiplying its resources and augmenting its wealth by the arts of industry is a picture pleasant to gaze upon; but the mighty wheel revolves, and another view presents to our sight a portion of the community passing through the ordeal of poverty, or battling against adverse circumstances.

In an age of manufacturing enterprise like ours, mechanical genius waves its triumphant sceptre over the realm of industry. It bridges over seas, connects continents, brings the denizens of far-off lands into intercourse with each other, and joins the very spheres; but its wonders cease not in celerity of transit or power of locomotion: they unfold themselves in the production of the commonest fabrics and the richest textiles, in the calico that swatches the limbs of the offspring of poverty, and the costly fabrics that decorate the persons of the wealthy. It touches the loom, and multiplies its powers of production—makes it, as it were, 'a thing of life,' the embodiment of the mechanic's creative mind—obedient to his slightest impulse, and laying the produce of its never-tiring limbs submissively at his feet. Among all the marvels which mechanical genius has wrought, none are more remarkable, or suggestive of more important results, than those with which we may familiarise ourselves in the localities of manufacturing industry.

We discern parallel phases of social life, through the instrumentality of machinery, constantly presenting themselves. The handloom-weaver of cotton and woollen fabrics is associated with an era that is passing away from the memory of the living; yet the framework-knitter now takes the place of the handloom-weaver, and a new invention of machinery brings about similar results.

The weaving of stockings in this country is almost

confined to the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester—though not entirely so, as some few stocking-loom are to be found in other districts. Until recently, the stocking-loom underwent few improvements since the inventive faculty of William Lee first gave it form. It is employed in producing a variety of textile fabrics—such as stockings, gloves, shirts, pantaloons, purses, and other articles, the materials of which these are composed varying with the difference in the fringe of the loom. The finer fringe-loom are used in the production of silk manufactures; those of the medium fringe, the cotton goods; and the coarser fringe-frames, the worsted articles. These various fabrics are plain and ornamental, the latter requiring more skilful workmen than the former. The centre of the silk and cotton branches of manufacture is Nottingham; the centre of the worsted manufacture is Leicester.

It is usually arranged for the framework-knitter to have the loom in his own dwelling-house. The weaver is consequently his own master, and may play or work as suits him—a position exactly analogous to that of the handloom-weaver. In fact, the framework-knitter is a handloom-weaver of stockings, the machine which he works being more costly than the looms of the class of operatives referred to. But there are frequent exceptions to this arrangement. The manufacturer very often places a number of looms under the care of one individual, who is what is termed the 'middle-man.' He obtains material from the manufacturer, and returns it when made up into goods, receiving the amount due for labour, and distributing it amongst the workmen.

The changes in machinery which are superseding the labour of the framework-knitter are of a twofold character. Some few years ago, a Frenchman named Claussen, who had emigrated to Massachusetts, United States, invented a circular knitting-machine, on the rotary principle, so simple in its construction, and so easily managed, that any young person of ordinary capacity may work it. The web manufactured on this machine, like the lengths of web produced on the framework-knitting looms of great width, is made up into what are technically termed 'cut-ups'—a phrase which indicates the value and character of the goods, as compared with other products of the stocking-loom—namely, that they are cut out of the piece of web, and then sewed to their proper shapes; as hose, gloves, or shirts. These circular machines, on their first introduction into England, made but slow progress in the estimation of the manufacturers. The reason of this indisposition to adopt the new machine is apparent enough: it is calculated to supersede the more expensive machinery in use, and entail, therefore, a heavy loss upon those manufacturers whose capital is invested in looms. If, for instance, a stocking-loom, worked by an adult knitter of average dexterity, produced as much web in the course of a week as would cut up into six dozen pairs of stockings; and the circular machine, turned by a boy or girl, would produce only a similar quantity of web, it is clear that inasmuch as the former machine is three times as costly as the latter, the holder of stocking-loom would be a great loser by adopting the new invention. Hence the indisposition, on the part of manufacturers of large capital, to the employment of Claussen's rotary machine. But the comparison, so far as regards the quantity of web produced on the machines, does not terminate here. This newly-invented machine may be worked by steam-power, without any extra outlay, which is not the case with the stocking-loom.

As in other branches of manufacture, so in the hosiery, firms have sprung up whose capital, not being invested in looms, has been applied to the purchase of circular machines, which have been placed in factories to be worked by steam-power. Those manufacturers who

are not holders of machinery, but purchasers of goods from men who worked, or paid others for working, their own frames, naturally resort to the cheapest market for their fabrics; and as the produce of the newly-invented machines may be increased at little cost, it is probable that the cut-up goods made from web produced on the circular machines will gradually supersede that class of articles which is at present manufactured on the coarser gauge stocking-loom. A vast diminution of hands employed will be the consequence; and framework-knitters hitherto engaged in the manufacture of these cut-up goods must seek some other employment.

A second improvement, which has the same tendency to cheapen production and diminish labour, is effected by widening the loom of Lee, and producing as many as three pairs of stockings on the same frame. Although, as regards what is called the 'fashioning' or shaping of the stockings thus manufactured, there is as yet much that is imperfect and defective, we may, nevertheless, regard it as matter of certainty, that in a very limited period mechanical ingenuity will triumph over these difficulties, and carry into complete effect this important improvement.

There are reflections springing out of a contemplation of these changes in an extensive branch of manufactures which it would not be wise to suppress. The philanthropic mind reverts to the condition of the framework-knitter. In this competition of improved machinery, what is the fate that awaits him? There are about 30,000 framework-knitters in the Midland Counties, four-fifths of which number are engaged in the cotton branches, and the other fifth in the production of silk-manufactures. Now the great changes which these improvements in machinery involve in the social condition of so large a body of workmen suggest the attitude which society ought to assume towards them. As they pass through the ordeal which assuredly awaits them, we should regard them with a benignant eye and a feeling heart. We may greatly ameliorate their condition by prompt advice and assistance. There are ways and means of accomplishing this without in any degree reducing them to a state of pauperism, or infringing upon that principle of self-respect which it should ever be our object to develop and cultivate amongst the working-classes. The suggestion of remedial measures I leave to wiser heads than mine. Should they fail, however, in making due provision for the emergency, the time will most likely arrive shortly when it will be necessary to come forward with some practical plan for the relief and support of an intelligent body of working-men.

### CHEWING THE BUYO.

#### A SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH a population of 3,000,000—part of which has been for centuries the colony of a European power—and producing many of the tropical products of commerce, the Philippine Isles remain almost as much a *terra incognita* as China or Japan!

These islands offer a striking illustration of the adage, that 'knowledge is power.' They illustrate the power of civilised man to subdue his savage fellow. For ages have a few thousand Spanish merchants been enabled to hold one-third of the native inhabitants in direct and absolute slavery; while more than another third has acknowledged their sway by the payment of tribute. The remaining fraction consists of wild tribes, who, too remote from the seat of commerce and power to make them an object of conquest, still retain their barbarian independence.

But it has ever been the policy of Spain to shut up her colonies from the intrusion of foreign enterprise—the policy of all nations who retrograde, or are hastening towards decay. This is the true reason why so

little has been written about the Philippines and their inhabitants, many of whose customs are both strange and interesting. Perhaps not the least singular of these is that which forms the subject of our sketch—*Comer el Buyo* (Chewing the Buyo.)

The buyo is a thing composed of three ingredients—the leaf of the buyo-palm, a sea-shell which is a species of periwinkle, and a root similar in properties to the *betel* of India. It is prepared thus: the leaves of the palm, from which it has its name, are collected at a certain season, cut into parallelograms, and spread upon a board or table with the inner cuticle removed. Upon this the powdered root and the shell, also pulverised, are spread in a somewhat thick layer. The shell of itself is a strong alkali, and forms a chief ingredient in the mixture. After having been exposed for some time to the sun, the buyo-leaf is rolled inwardly, so as to enclose the other substances, and is thus formed into a regular cartridge, somewhat resembling a cheroot. Thus prepared, the buyo is ready for use—that is, to be eaten.

In order that it may be carried conveniently in the pocket, it is packed in small cases formed out of the leaves of another species of the palm-tree. Each of these cases contains a dozen cartridges of the buyo.

Buyo-eating is a habit which must be cultivated before it becomes agreeable. To the stranger, the taste of the buyo is about as pleasant as tobacco to him who chews it for the first time; and although it is not followed by the terrible sickness that accompanies the latter operation, it is sure to excoriate the tongue of the rash tyro, and leave his mouth and throat almost skinless. Having once undergone this fearful mutilation, he feels ever afterwards a craving to return to the indulgence, and the appetite is soon confirmed.

In Manila every one smokes, every one chews buyo—man, woman, and child, Indian or Spaniard. Strangers who arrive there, though repudiating the habit for awhile, soon take to it, and become the most confirmed buyo-eaters in the place. Two acquaintances meet upon the *paseo*, and stop to exchange their salutations. One pulls out his *cigarrero*, and says: 'Quiere a fumar?' ('Will you smoke?') The other draws forth the ever-ready buyo-case, and with equal politeness offers a roll of the buyos. The commodities are exchanged, each helping himself to a cartridge and a *cigarrito*. A flint and steel are speedily produced, the cigars are lit, and each takes a bite of buyo, while the conversation is all the while proceeding. Thus three distinct operations are performed by the same individual at the same time—eating, smoking, and talking! The juice arising from the buyo in eating is of a strong red colour, resembling blood. This circumstance reminds us of an anecdote which is, I believe, well authenticated, but at least is universally believed by the people of Manila. Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manila. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone out to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *paseo*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood! Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home—a humble cottage in the suburbs—into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels; and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.

The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padré* was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the pases of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost; but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead!

As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manila, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. 'Predict it!' replied the doctor—'why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times.'

'Blood! How did you know it was blood?'

'How? From the colour. How else?'

'But every one spits red in Manila!'

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was labouring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city; and it became clear to every one that what the new *médico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction!

His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manila, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

#### THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN PARIS.

THE world, since it was a world at all, has ever been fond of singing the praises of the good old times. It would seem a general rule, that so soon as we get beyond a certain age, whatever that may be, we acquire a high opinion of the past, and grumble at everything new under the sun. One cause of this may be, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the history of the past, like a landscape travelled over, loses in review all the rugged and wearisome annoyances that rendered it scarcely bearable in the journey. But it is hardly worth while to speculate upon the causes of an absurdity which a little candid retrospection will do more to dissipate than whole folios of philosophy. We can easily understand a man who sighs that he was not born a thousand years hence instead of twenty or thirty years ago, but that any one should encourage a regret that his lot in life was not cast a few centuries back, seems inexplicable on any rational grounds. The utter folly of praising the good old times may be illustrated by a reference to the wretched condition of most European cities; but we shall confine ourselves to the single case of Paris, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the thirteenth century the streets of Paris were not paved; they were muddy and filthy to a very horrible degree, and swine constantly loitered about and fed in them. At night there were no public lights, and assassinations and robberies were far from infrequent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century public lighting was begun on a limited scale; and at best only a few tallow candles were put up in prominent situations. The improvement, accordingly, did little good, and the numerous bands of thieves had it still pretty much their own way. Severity of punishment seldom

compensates the want of precautionary measures. It was the general custom at this period to cut off the ears of a condemned thief after the term of his imprisonment had elapsed. This was done that offenders might be readily recognised should they dare again to enter the city, banishment from which was a part of the sentence of such as were destined to be cropped. But they often found it easier to fabricate false ears than to gain a livelihood away from the arena of their exploits; and this measure, severe and cruel as it was, was found inefficient to rid the capital of their presence.

Among the various adventures with thieves, detailed by an author contemporaneous with Louis XIII., the following affords a rich example of the organization of the domestic brigands of the time, and of the wretched security which the capital afforded to its inhabitants:—

A celebrated advocate named Polidamor had by his reputation for riches aroused the covetousness of some chiefs of a band of brigands, who flattered themselves that could they catch him they would obtain possession of an important sum. They placed upon his track three bold fellows, who, after many fruitless endeavours, encountered him one evening accompanied only by a single lackey. Seizing fast hold of himself and attendant, they rifled him in a twinkling; and as he had accidentally left his purse at home, they took his rich cloak of Spanish cloth and silk, which was quite new, and of great value. Polidamor, who at first resisted, found himself compelled to yield to force, but asked as a favour to be allowed to redeem his mantle. This was agreed to at the price of thirty pistoles; and the rogues appointed a rendezvous the next day, at six in the evening, on the same spot, for the purpose of effecting the exchange. They recommended him to come alone, assuring him that his life would be endangered should he appear accompanied with an escort. Polidamor repaired to the place at the appointed hour, and after a few moments of expectation he saw a carriage approaching in which were seated four persons in the garb of gentlemen. They descended from the vehicle, and one of them, advancing towards the advocate, asked him in a low voice if he were not in search of a cloak of Spanish cloth and silk. The victim replied in the affirmative, and declared himself prepared to redeem it at the sum at which it had been taxed. The thieves having assured themselves that he was alone, seized him, and made him get into the carriage; and one of them presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him hold his tongue under pain of instant death, while another blindfolded him. As the advocate trembled with fear, they assured him that no harm was intended, and bade the coachman drive on.

After a rapid flight, which was yet long enough to inspire the prisoner with deadly terror, the carriage stopped in front of a large mansion, the gate of which opened to receive them, and closed again as soon as they had passed the threshold. The robbers alighted with their captive, from whose eyes they now removed the bandage. He was led into an immense saloon, where were a number of tables, upon which the choicest viands were profusely spread, and seated at which was a company of gentlemanly-looking personages, who chatted familiarly together without the slightest demonstration of confusion or alarm. His guardians again enjoined him to lay aside all fear, informed him that he was in good society, and that they had brought him there solely that they might enjoy the pleasure of his company at supper. In the meanwhile water was served to the guests, that they might wash their hands before sitting at table. Every man took his place, and a seat was assigned to Polidamor at the upper and privileged end of the board. Astonished, or rather stupefied at the strange circumstances of his adventure, he would willingly have abstained from taking any part in the repast; but he was compelled to make a show

of eating, in order to dissemble his mistrust and agitation. When the supper was ended and the tables were removed, one of the gentlemen who had assisted in his capture accosted him with polite expressions of regret at his want of appetite. During the interchange of courtesies which ensued, one of the bandits took a lute, another a viol, and the party began to amuse themselves with music. The advocate was then invited to walk into a neighbouring room, where he perceived a considerable number of mantles ranged in order. He was desired to select his own, and to count out the thirty pistoles agreed upon, together with one for coach-hire, and one more for his share of the reckoning at supper. Polidamor, who had been apprehensive that the drama of which his mantle had been the occasion might have a very different *dénouement*, was but too well pleased to be quit at such a cost, and he took leave of the assembly with unfeigned expressions of gratitude. The carriage was called, and before entering it he was again blindfolded; his former conductors returned with him to the spot where he had been seized, where, removing the bandage from his eyes, they allowed him to alight, presenting him at the same moment with a ticket sealed with green wax, and having these words inscribed in large letters, '*Freed by the Great Band.*' This ticket was a passport securing his mantle, purse, and person against all further assaults. Hastening to regain his residence with all speed, he was assailed at a narrow turning by three other rascals, who demanded his purse or his life. The advocate drew his ticket from his pocket, though he had no great faith in it as a preservative, and presented it to the thieves. One of them, provided with a dark lantern, read it, returned it, and recommended him to make haste home, where he at last arrived in safety.

Early in the seventeenth century the Parisian rogues availed themselves of the regulations against the use of snuff to pillage the snuff-takers. As the sale of this article was forbidden by law to any but grocers and apothecaries, and as even they could only retail it to persons provided with the certificate of a medical man, the annoyance of such restrictions was loudly complained of. The rogues, ever ready to profit by circumstances, opened houses for gaming—at that period almost a universal vice—where 'snuff at discretion' was a tempting bait to those long accustomed to a gratification all the more agreeable because it was forbidden. Here the snuff-takers were diligently plied with wine, and then cheated of their money; or, if too temperate or suspicious to drink to excess, they were unceremoniously plundered in a sham quarrel. To such a length was this practice carried, that an ordinance was at length issued in 1629, strictly forbidding all snuff-takers from assembling in public places or elsewhere, '*pour satisfaire leur goût.*'

The thieves of the good old times were not only more numerous in proportion to the population than they are at present, but were also distinguished by greater audacity and cruelty. They had recourse to the most diabolical ingenuity to subdue the resistance and to prevent the outcries of their victims. Under the rule of Henry IV. a band of brigands arose, who, in the garb, and with the manners of gentlemen, introduced themselves into the best houses under the pretext of private business, and when alone with the master, demanded his money at the dagger's point. Some of them made use of a gag—a contrivance designated at the period the *poire d'angoisse*. This instrument was of a spherical shape, and pierced all over with small holes; it was forced into the mouth of the person intended to be robbed, and upon touching a spring sharp points protruded from every hole, at once inflicting the most horrible anguish, and preventing the sufferer from uttering a single cry. It could not be withdrawn but by the use of the proper key, which contracted the spring. This device was adopted uni-

versally by one savage band, and occasioned immense misery not only in Paris but throughout France.

An Italian thief, an enterprising and ingenious rogue, adopted a singular expedient for robbing women at their devotions in church. He placed himself on his knees by the side of his intended prey, holding in a pair of artificial hands a book of devotion, to which he made a show of the most devout attention, while with his natural hands he cut the watch or purse-string of his unsuspecting neighbour. This stratagem, favoured by the fashion, then general, of wearing mantles, met with great success, and of course soon produced a host of clumsy imitators, and excited the vigilance of the police, who at length made so many seizures of solemn-faced devotees provided with wooden kid-gloved hands, that it fell into complete discredit, and was at last abandoned by the profession.

Cunning was were the rogues of a past age, they were liable to capture like their modern successors. A gentleman having resorted to Paris on business, was hustled one day in the precincts of the palace, and robbed of his well-filled purse. Furious at the loss of a considerable sum, he swore to be avenged. He procured a clever mechanic, who, under his directions, contrived a kind of hand-trap for the pocket, managed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an attempt at purse-stealing without detection. Having fixed the instrument in its place, impatient for the revenge he had promised himself, he sallied forth to promenade the public walks, mingled with every group, and stopped from time to time gazing about him with the air of a greenhorn. Several days passed before anything resulted from his plan; but one morning, while he was gazing at the portraits of the kings of France in one of the public galleries, he finds himself surrounded and pushed about, precisely as in the former instance; he feels a hand insinuating itself gently into the open snare, and hears immediately the click of the instrument, which assures him that the delinquent is safely caught. Taking no notice, he walks on as if nothing had happened, and resumes his promenade, drawing after him the thief, whom pain and shame prevented from making the least effort to disengage his hand. Occasionally the gentleman would turn round, and rebuke his unwilling follower for his impertinency, and thus drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon his awkward position. At last, pretending to observe for the first time the stranger's hand in his pocket, he flies into a violent passion, accuses him of being a cut-purse, and demands the sum he had previously lost, without which he declares the villain shall be hanged. It would seem that compounding a felony was nothing in those days; for it is upon record that the thief, though caught in the act, was permitted to send a messenger to his comrades, who advanced the money, and therewith purchased his liberty.

The people were forbidden to employ particular materials in the fabrication of their clothing, to ride in a coach, to decorate their apartments as they chose, to purchase certain articles of furniture, and even to give a dinner-party when and in what style they chose. Under the Valois régime strict limits were assigned to the expenses of the table, determining the number of courses of which a banquet should consist, and that of the dishes of which each course was to be composed. Any guest who should fail to denounce an infraction of the law of which he had been a witness, was liable to a fine of forty livres; and officers of justice, who might be present, were strictly enjoined to quit the tables of their hosts, and institute immediate proceedings against them. The rigour of these regulations extended even to the kitchen, and the police had the power of entry at all hours, to enforce compliance with the statutes.

But it was during the prevalence of an epidemic that it was least agreeable to live in France in the good

old times. No sooner did a contagious malady, or one that was supposed to be so, make its appearance, than the inhabitants of Paris were all forbidden to remove from one residence to another, although their term of tenancy had expired, until the judge of police had received satisfactory evidence that the house they desired to leave had not been affected by the contagion. When a house was infected, a bundle of straw fastened to one of the windows warned the public to avoid all intercourse with the inmates. At a later period two wooden crosses were substituted for the straw, one of which was attached to the front door, and the other to one of the windows in an upper storey. In 1596 the provost of Paris having learned that the tenants of some houses infected by an epidemic which was then making great ravages, had removed these badges, issued an ordinance commanding that those who transgressed in a similar manner again should suffer the loss of the right hand—a threat which was found perfectly efficient.

By an ordinance of 1533, persons recovering from a contagious malady, together with their domestics, and all the members of their families, were forbidden to appear in the streets for a given period without a white wand in their hands, to warn the public of the danger of contact. Three years after, the authorities were yet more severe against the convalescents, who were ordered to remain shut up at home for forty days after their cure; and even when the quarantine had expired, they were not allowed to appear in the streets until they had presented to a magistrate a certificate from the commissary of their district, attested by a declaration of six householders, that the forty days had elapsed. In the preceding century (in 1498) an ordinance still more extraordinary had been issued. It was at the coronation of Louis XII., when a great number of the nobles came to Paris to take part in the ceremony. The provost, desiring to guard them from the danger of infection, published an order that all persons of both sexes, suffering under certain specified maladies, should quit the capital in twenty-four hours, under the penalty of being thrown into the river!

#### ANTIOCH AND ITS HOUSES.

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a storehouse, a kitchen, and a servant's room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muscatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid 350 piastres—about £3 sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about £3 a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for 1s.; fowls, and fat ones too, 2d. each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a bushlik, or about seventy pounds' weight for 1s. Eels, the very best flavoured in the world, 1½d. each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, asparagus, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips,

carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about 5s. the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of £40 per annum. Under these circumstances, it may appear marvellous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons in this instance are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning the victim of some fanatical émeute; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say: 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity.'—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

#### CLOUDS AT SEA.

HEAVY seasons there are when a curtain of gloom

Gathers black o'er the mariners' glee,

And the merry sun quits for a desolate tomb,

All his revels of joy with the sea:

But courage! the bright one will soon reappear

'Like a bridegroom' devoted and fond;

Though the tempest may threaten, no danger is near,

For the blue sky is smiling beyond.

There are times when the mind is alarmed and distressed,

When the sunshine of Pleasure is gone,

When the spirit looks back upon moments of rest,

Which she fears are for ever withdrawn:

But the angel of Hope whispers comfort and gladness:

'Look upward, and never despond;

Though above thee is frowning the storm-cloud of sadness,

The blue sky is smiling beyond.'

S. C.

#### UNDER THE ROSE.

There has arisen much petty controversy about the common expression 'under the rose,' and two different origins have been assigned. Some people assert that it ought to be spelt under the *roze*, for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second storey projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza or *roze*, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester and some other old English towns; and that whilst the elders of the family were sitting at their windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them 'under the roze.' The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, 'under the rose.'

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